

# Mother's Son

Devlin

Every mom loves their son,  
Remember that the next time you're loading up the gun  
Cock it back, make it throw in and you run,  
Breaking them and turn them holy at the sun  
Then the Lord, Jesus and Mary Magdalen  
But our mom's mind is below imagining  
The subjects I'm tackling, left to cry tears when I scream, see this really  
happening  
Every young soul that's killed in the field  
Never perish to the hating pull to his own  
This rap tool to his home, till his own home  
To leave the marker on this first wounds talk broke  
You can never really hurt one person  
Only damage everything they ever know  
So next time you see red, think slow,  
Before you strip another woman of her soul.

We are just children trying to cope in,  
We crawl to our feet and we try to run,  
Won't be one of the fallen.  
Our love has just begun  
In the end we're all just flash and blood, all set and done,  
We're all our mother's sons.

Whether you're rich or poor,  
Live like a king or you're sleeping all alone, cold,  
Concrete floor, summer in the city,  
Nearly every man has a mother he adores.  
But when the time comes to leave the nest  
We have to learn to fly alone and fight our own wars  
For the trouble that will always be stars  
Some man's right, but some close doors  
Today is like I don't know what to say,  
Looking in the face the whole human race  
In dismay I think that we forget  
Who we evolved from the first drowns of DNA  
Creating many types of men,  
Think as a fire as the men in different shades  
Opinions, measurements, shapes,  
And though, within our mother's eyes we'll be great.

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Let me take the opportunity to say  
I tell my loved ones I love them every day  
Rule children of the planet trying to grow while the minutes slip away  
Some try hard and fly for the flip off  
Some strawl into glory like it's faith  
But whatever life decides, the car dripping dope if you were to hate.

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